

THE

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Literary

MAGAZINE



ἑνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμικταὶ
καὶ ποιοὶ καὶ Μῶσις καὶ Ἀλκιμάχης

Conducted

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SOCIAL REFORM.

The human race, notwithstanding the buffetings and trials it has endured in its progress through successive years, seems on many points to grow very little wiser.

Social happiness has ever been yearned after, with concentrated longings; and yet, now, as the 59th century wheels by, how miserable is our social condition; tyrants have arisen, have oppressed their fellows, and have been hurled from the seats they unworthily occupied. Various methods of government, being weighed in the balance of utility, have been found wanting. Each successive age has gazed upon man, struggling and groaning for the same object, without success, and era after era has found him still in the arena, a pitiable combatant against a host of evils.

And what hath been gained? What hath been wrought? How has the race advanced? If we could but assemble all the suffering, the oppressed, the down-trodden, in one general congregation, and propound these questions to the common ear,—they would be received only as the bitterest sarcasm. The race advanced! true it has gained some science and learned much art; it has sought out many inventions; but we put the question to thinking men, has its social happiness increased? No! the sciences gained, and the arts disseminated, and the inventions perfected, were all very good; but the heart of man to its very core was bad; an arid waste, partaking of all the genial influences of heaven, but yielding—*nothing*.

The sweet spring bubbled up clear and limpid, but its waters meandered through corruption and defilement,—and were pure no more. Each advance in knowledge has but furnished more ample means by which the one might oppress and degrade the other; and so far from the general happiness being increased, one half the world has sedulously endeavored to destroy even the faint hopes of the remaining half. One half the world, did we say, a miserable fraction rather, have striven to misinterpret the borealic gleams of brightness which dart athwart the gloom.

Is this not so? How comes it then, that they who produce the least, fare the best? How comes it, that the children of the working man, grow up in ignorance, or are compelled, by absolute want, to do physical violence to their youthful frames in unnatural labor; while the offspring of the monopolist, the mammon-lord, receive what polish and cultivation the best schools afford? How is it the labor of the hand has become a disgrace, and the dust of the work-shop a pollution; while the white hand, effeminately soft, and skilled in no art nor useful thing,—is *the emblem* of honor and respectability?

But thus it will ever be, while men violate the laws of their being. It has been decreed, "by the sweat of the face man shall eat bread," and henceforth labor is necessary for his perfect well being; while this obligation is unrecognised in our social constitution, we must expect social misery. At present, one portion of society is compelled, by a cruel necessity, to tax their physical nature to the extremest verge of endurance; a second portion barely live, by an incessant labor of the brain; and the remaining portion, the gay, the frivolous, the wealthy, the fashionable, live, and sport, and trifle, on what others have produced with toil and pain. As society is now constituted,—

"Groans lurk in the folds of a silken dress,
And a ball—is the price of blood."

Thus the poor are condemned to a want of that leisure which is necessary for the improvement of the mind: by the burden of merely supporting their existence, they have been excluded from all participation in the more elevated and elevating enjoyments; the mass must not presume to have an ideal life; their minds must be always engrossed, in devising ways and means of satisfying the long procession of the appetites, as they approach, day after day, to

enforce their uncompromising demands. In their search after the means of living, they must forget the true ends of life. Can nations, thus enthralled, with all their finer sensibilities deadened or extirpated, receive the highest culture, or a symmetrical moral developement? Can they experience the emotions which spring from a pure taste and elevated sentiments? The inexorable constraints of their position, must cut them off from all this range of pleasures, and their aesthetic susceptibilities, from which all the purest and most precious enjoyments spring—must die out.

Has not this system of society *called* civilisation, entailed servitude, misery, disunion and ignorance on mankind long enough? Has not the system of isolation, in which every man's hand is against his fellow, been found wanting? Have not the evils of society begun to demand imperatively a cure? Yes! when every breeze that sweeps across the Atlantic brings us the tidings of the downfall of old institutions, and of hoary tyrannies, we cannot avoid exclaiming "the night is far spent, and the day is at hand; the dawn appears which proclaims a change in this monstrous social mechanism, and the peaceful establishment of a new social order in its place." This is the true work of our age, and we advocate a social reform, with a deep conviction that we are right, and that it is the most sacred and holy of causes in which man can be engaged; for it is the elevation of mankind from poverty, ignorance and degradation, to universal abundance, intelligence and happiness.

We believe that man is a free agent, endowed with independent action, with the high gift of reason and mental association with God, and that he must discover and establish upon earth, by his own efforts and genius, those laws of divine order and harmony which are absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the race. If man does not do this, then discord and incoherence reign in their place, govern the world, and engender all the evils that now curse it. But to be impelled to seek for these laws, love to God and humanity must be the animating principle; this love must exist to give power and discretion to the intellect. If any spark of this noble sentiment fired those literary critics that are biting at the heels of genius, would they not endeavor to discover some alleviation for the miseries that afflict their fellow-men, instead of making a canting, Pharisæic parade of their virtue, and sensibility to truth and principle?

That the divine laws of order and justice—with their results, the unity of the race, its elevation and happiness—do not exist on the earth, is abundantly proved by facts around us.

Look at the wars now being carried on by all the nations of the globe, with their carnage and devastation; see the incompatible castes and classes, in so called Christian nations—masters and slaves—rich and poor—employers and hirelings—with arrogance, oppression and contempt, on one side, with envy and hatred on the other; watch the strifes and intrigues between sects and parties; the frauds, over-reaching, cheating and legalised plunder in commerce, finance and industry; the dissensions in families; and the quarrels, antipathies and calumnies in business affairs; behold rampant mammon, wringing from toiling millions, the wealth created by their sweat and blood; look at men devouring the substance of each other like beasts of prey; at the vice, crime and wretchedness in our large cities; look at the prostitutes in the streets, the beggars and poor-houses, the prisons and the criminals—look—behold—scan all this and much more too horrible to describe, and judge whether the present system of society is a true and divine order, in which the laws of God reign, or, if it is not rather—a social Hell.

When we contemplate this awful scene, this seething corruption, what can we say of those, who, instead of taking any part in the sacred work of social progress and human elevation, have only calumnies and criticisms with which to greet all reforms that are attempted, and who, pandering to interests monstrously selfish and inhuman, actually uphold this social Hell.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

AMONG the wonders of the present age, which, we may say, are the result of a high degree of civilization, none are so much calculated to excite at once our wonder and admiration, as the extraordinary perfection of labor-saving machinery. There is scarce a department of human industry that is not directly indebted, for many of its triumphs, to some sort of machinery. The books we read, the clothes we wear, the multiform furniture of our house-

hold, the paper we write upon, the very pen in our hand, and a thousand-and-one other objects of utility, are the actual products of machinery alone. And in very many important departments of life, machinery enters into an alliance with the labor of the hand performs the roughest and most laborious part of the process, and leaves only the finishing touches to be made by man; thus, furnishing us with articles of exquisite form and finish at a merely nominal price. Few who are acquainted with the construction of that prince of machines, the steam-engine, are much surprised at many of its wondrous achievements; by a mere inspection of its details, they are prepared to see without much wonder, most of its performances. A locomotive moving at the speed of sixty miles an hour, does not seem an impossibility: indeed, we are well assured, that that speed is often accomplished; but when it is, the following must be some of the results.

It must pass over a mile in a minute, eighty-eight feet in a second, or if the diameter of the driving-wheel be five feet, it must make nearly *six revolutions in one second of time!* Now, when we call to mind the intricate movements of valves and pistons, necessary to *one* revolution, we cannot but be astonished at the wondrous rapidity of motion here shown to be necessary. And wondrous in truth it is, for no engineer, thirty years ago, would have believed it possible.

We suppose that by this time, our readers are prepared to peruse with profit a short account of some recent wonderful inventions. The productions of art and science, we have always been inclined to think, receive too little attention from the generality of young men in college; for we find many useful and ingenious articles, some of which have been patented for a long time, not in general use by the very persons for whose benefit they are especially designed.

The first we shall notice, is a small instrument, about the size of a snuff-box, which only needs to be wound up once a week, which, if left on or under your seat in the college chapel, will answer "here" in a clear and audible tone, every morning, as the tutor calls the roll; by a slight modification of the machinery, it will, if left in the class-room, not only answer "here" at the roll-call, but it will also answer "not prepared" if you should happen to be

called on to recite. Of course such an instrument will commend itself to many students, as it will perform their most important college exercises for them. The same gentleman has lately invented what he calls "sympathetic paper;" this, to an ordinary observer seems pure white paper; it however possesses an extraordinary quality; if you use this paper on examination days, all you need do is to sit anywhere near a good scholar, and as fast as he finishes a problem or parses a sentence, it will appear on your paper, in your own hand-writing; this invention will save an immense amount of trouble and uneasiness to many fine students.

We saw an instrument lately, in Paris, for conjugating Greek verbs, it is no thicker than a wafer, and is designed to be kept in the mouth while reciting; if this is done it is impossible to parse incorrectly. The ingenious scholar who invented it, informed me he intended to have articles which might be applied to any language. The scientific world are at a loss to explain the *modus operandi* of this machine but the general opinion seems to be that it acts medically. We are sorry to state, that the inventor has been shot by order of the French government, he having become so popular with the students of Paris, as to be thought a dangerous character.

A little work, by one of the most Newtonic minds of this age, on the Differential and Integral Calculi has been published within a year; the subject is treated according to Gutta Percha's 'System of Expansions', by which, all that is necessary is to commit three or four self-evident propositions to memory, and you can expand them, to suit any case, however difficult; this work is one result of the recent discoveries in regard to India Rubber!

We lately learned that a student in one of our institutions, has perfected a lamp, which he calls the "Ultra plus"—it is warranted to burn at a cost per hour to suit the purchaser, and to throw light upon the most difficult subjects; it needs no trimming, and is spontaneously wicked, (in this last particular it resembles some students); and while it burns it emits a fragrant odour, which may be varied at pleasure by turning a screw; it will also go out of its own accord if it hears a suspicious knock at the door, when it knows you may not wish to be observed.*

* One of these lamps may be seen at No.—West.—Eds. Nassau Lit. Mag.

Since the foregoing was written, we have heard of an Automaton pen, which will write elegant compositions of any desired length, on any theme; but not having seen the article, we forbear a lengthened description.

VERITAS.

THE DECLINE OF POPERY.

THE close of the eleventh century witnessed the complete triumph of popery. Three centuries before, she held a position subordinate to that of the empire. If Charlemagne laid by for a moment his pride and superiority, and bowed while she placed the sceptre on his head, it was only a form by which he might be more closely allied to the ancient masters of the world, and stand the acknowledged supreme of Europe. But the spirit and talents of Charlemagne passed away. The bands which his name and genius threw over the empire and by which he bound it in one solid whole were broken, and the fragments lay scattered asunder presenting a wild scene of confusion and ruin. Popery took advantage of the circumstances, and on the ruins of the civil power reared that of the church. She reached the summit of her greatness when Gregory broke the spirit of the Great Henry, and forced him to sue for pardon at the gates of Canosa. Since that period Catholicism has undergone many changes. The swollen stream has returned to its original channel, and now murmurs silently through the nations, scarcely moving a wheel in the machinery of the world's transactions.

Popery can be considered only as a human institution. Her object and her means are not those of the teacher sent from God. The design of his religion was to elevate the spiritual nature of man, and thus render possible the communion between Heaven and Earth. The effort of Popery has been to bring God and religion within the reach of man's natural powers. To this end she has placed a representative of God on earth, and men are invited to trust in his hands the interests of the future world. She has made the eye of the soul unnecessary, for the crucified Saviour is represented to the eye of the body. The worship of Jehovah is not the adoration of

the heart; but the bending of the knee, the crossing of the forehead and the torturing of the body. The standard of truth is not the word of God, but the legends of the church and the decrees of mitred bishops. A religion like this, in an age of ignorance and superstition was eminently fitted to become powerful and influential. Without fixed and unbending principles, she could adapt herself to the wants of every class, and assume such a nature as best suited her interests. Did men wish to retire from intercourse with the world, and spend their days in contemplation and devotion? For such she established monasteries. Was there an age of Chivalry when the highest ambition of men was to perform heroic actions? Then she erected the standard of the cross, and made the plains of Judea an arena where the ardent soldier might distinguish himself in fighting the battles of God.

Such has been the nature of all false religions. Framed to meet the wants of man they have changed as time and circumstances have made it necessary. Such was the Polytheism of Egypt and Greece. Such are Mahomedanism and Brahminism of later times.

They have existed and flourished only in the darker ages of the world, and in the midst of ignorance and credulity. As Greece increased in civilization, her religion became more and more the object of contempt. The decline of Popery is only a reiteration of the same truth. So long as her real character was hidden in the mists of the middle ages, she retained her hold on the affections of men. So long as reason slept, her explanations might allay the fears of superstition and her promises satisfy an excessive credulity. But when mind became active and claimed for itself the right of opinion—when men would no longer believe the assertions with regard to her origin and infallibility—when with an eye of close scrutiny they examined her pretensions and her claims—they turned from her, to seek a religion founded on truth, whose walls would remain unshaken amid the convulsions of nature, and afford them a shelter throughout the ages of Eternity.

C.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

How seldom in stern manhood's day,
Gleams there across our hearts a ray
Of the light that used to play
Around its chords in childhood.

Life's dread struggles, sorrow's tears,
Ambition's hopes, love's joyous fears,
These trouble not the lightsome years
Of a happy childhood.

Once our hearts were pure and clean,
Once our breasts were all serene,
Once we knew not what was mean,
'Twas in the hours of childhood.

Tho' our grievings we had then
They were not the griefs of men,
They came—but went away again,
Transient they, in childhood.

Then we felt all sorrow light,
Pains and woes, how quick their flight,
Our young eyes shone but more bright,
For the tears of childhood.

Those holy years, they flitted by;
As the light clouds swiftly fly,
Fading, as we gaze on high,
Vanished all our childhood.

Now we scarce in any measure,
Feel a joy, a hope, a pleasure,
Our hearts are old—we lost a treasure,
When we lost our childhood.

Bitter tears may well flow fast,
When we dwell upon the past,
Sad is the retrospect we cast,
To the days of childhood.

Happiest season of our life,
All unconscious of the strife
With which futurity was rife,
We danced away our childhood.

TERGER.

OBJECTS OF LOVE.

Cold is the heart that loves not,
And poor the friendless one,
Dead is the soul that hopes not
And shares its joys with none.

Blind is the eye that sees not
In worlds around above,
Nought of entrancing beauty,
Absorbing all its love.

The earth with beauty 's teeming.
All here is fresh and green,
The sky above is gleaming
With sunlight's glorious sheen.

Cool blow the evening zephyrs.
Soft glides the murmuring rill,
And thousand strains of music
Come from each plain and hill.

Day sheds a thousand glories,
The night is calm and sweet,
And bright-eyed life all joyous,
Flings flowers at every feet.

Then let the everlasting soul
Fix all her hopes above,
Art, Music, Mirth, and Nature,
These are the themes for Love.

THE VALUE OF HISTORY.

THE importance and value of any study, can only be estimated according to its efficacy in promoting the advance either of private virtue, or of those qualities which render man eminently useful in society. Some objects, of diligent pursuit by many, have only a sort of secondary utility, affording the mind a rational and intellectual amusement, which may at intervals serve to relieve it from the fatigue of more serious occupation; but others, furnish stores of valuable information, enlarge the mind, improve the heart, and invigorate and prepare the whole man for fresh exertion. It is the perfection of any object of pursuit to unite these advantages, pro-

moting at once the advancement of public and private virtue, and supplying so much of relaxation and amusement, that the necessity of recurring to frivolous and dissipating pleasures is superseded. Embraced among such objects of pursuit, is the study of history.

The enchantment of story upon a youthful mind, or a relation, in which the intellectual eye is fixed upon definite objects and agents, enkindles an interest and an enthusiastic ardor, which instantly appropriate the instructions it may convey, and which are therefore instrumental in developing and forming the future character; but if the creations of fancy have such a powerful effect upon the mind, how much more impressive and useful must be the genuine delineations of History.

Situated in an amphitheatre boundless in extent, and surrounded by an infinitude of objects, man is naturally inquisitive and delighted with every new accession of knowledge. He who never felt a wish to investigate the qualities and productions of the earth he inhabits; he who is destitute of ambition sufficient to lead him to become acquainted with the powers, the habits, and the instincts of the various tribes peopling the earth, the air, and the waters, must possess a remarkable apathy of intellect, and must want that ardent curiosity which is the most striking characteristic of man.

Natural History, to which the first inquiries of our species might reasonably be supposed to tend, affords a much too general uniformity to satisfy the excursive and contemplative mind. What minerals, vegetables, and irrational animals are now, with little variation, they always have been. The annals of everything that lives, man alone excepted, are with almost imperceptible changes, exactly what they were "in ages past." Human nature is the grand object to which our curiosity should be directed, on which the closest and most serious attention and scrutiny should centre; human nature should be the exhaustless fount of knowledge from which we may draw forever, as from the living spring.

Select a single individual; through how many revolutions of sentiment and action does he pass from infancy to manhood's maturer years? how do his passions become developed? and how different the maxims that actuate him, appear from their simple elements? If it were possible to record all the fancies which have passed through the brain, which have sparkled in the eye, or flowed

from the tongue of a man of cultivated mind, through life, what a microcosm would be afforded for meditation and use. But let men be viewed as joined in social order, or civil confederacy—let their political manoeuvres be marked, their subtle contrivances to depress, circumvent, or subjugate each other, be observed, and what a stupendous scene will be presented to view. We shall find the purest philanthropy blended with the most insidious arts of destruction; stratagems and crimes lurking under the appearance of patriotic spirit; and the interests of communities, and even nations, basely sacrificed to gratify the sordid passions, or the vain fantasies of single individuals.

To lay open these springs of action, and to trace them to their source, is the important province of History; that study, which, beyond all others, is eminently and most emphatically the proper object of our attention. "It is," says Thucydides, "Philosophy teaching by example;" it carries us back to primal ages, it annihilates time, and presents to us all the various revolutions that have happened to men and states. It opens to us the experience of antiquity, and introduces us to the illustrious dead, by exhibiting their living actions, their virtues and their faults. Confined, without History, to the limits of our own observations, and shut up within the narrow circle of our own prejudices, we must ever remain in a deplorable state of inexperience and ignorance. What is the short period that embraces the longest life, but a minute point, compared with the vast series of ages which have elapsed; and yet all we are capable of knowing, must be restricted to this point, unless we call to our aid the treasures of History; while the prudent reflections which this master science either affords us, or gives us an opportunity of making, teach us to be wise before our time, and in a manner far more effectual than all the moral lessons of the greatest masters.

Hence, to obtain a general acquaintance with History, is commonly the first pride of intellectual energy; and to treasure up its maxims, and to be able to apply them to all occasions and exigencies demands the utmost effort of human wisdom.

TO BYRON.

My kindred spirit! as I raise my view
To Fame's high temple, where thou art enshrined
Eternally, with an immortal few,
One niche above the greatest of thy kind;
Thoughts of the eloquence of thy wild lyre—
Discordant, sad, yet sweet with majesty,
Tuned be the passions which thy soul did fire,
Now silent,—mournful as the riven tree—
Impel my soul to rise to be with thee.
Immortal lyre! all unstrung as thou art,
When tempests rise, and whirlwinds round thee rave,
Wringing from thy loose strings a howling stave,
Resound the story of a bursting heart,
And wake fit requiem over Byron's grave.

T.

NOVEL-READING.

The practice of novel-reading has become so common, that an acquaintance with the most popular fictions of the day is indispensable to a person in polite society. In company they furnish the chief subject of conversation, and the leisure hours of many are spent almost entirely in their perusal. The bookseller, to keep pace with his customers, has his counters and windows strewed with them, while the works of those who have spent their lives in searching for facts among the hoary records of past ages, are permitted to grow dusty upon the shelf. It should not however be concluded from this, that the merit of novels, as literary productions, or the instruction which is received from them—entitles them to such a conspicuous place. The trees, which are most admired for their beauty, do not produce the best fruit, so the popularity of novels, is no index of their advantageous character. When we inquire into the causes of their being so much read, the first peculiarity we notice is, that they are addressed to the imagination and passions, rather than to the intellect—their professed object is to please, not to instruct. Hence the general subject of novels is that

which is most calculated to please girls of romantic susceptibilities, who take as a motto,—

"Love is, or ought to be our greatest bliss ;
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love."

Hence in the subject of novels being so attractive, we are to find one cause of their popularity. Strip them of this feature, and by far the larger portion of them are stripped of their all. This conclusion is justified by the character of most novel readers. The philosopher; the searcher after truth; any one who wishes for instruction goes not to these works for the gratification of his desire. The novelist does not profess to satisfy such. He is patronized by men of pleasure, no thought or study being required to reap all the fruit that can be gained from them, and the subject, being of all others the most entertaining.

Another cause of their popularity, is the style in which they are usually written. Although rhetorical critics tell us that the style of novels is faulty, because the order of the elements of a good style are inverted, beauty being ranked first, this very circumstance gives them an additional charm. Every novel-reader is conscious that if he were to open a novel and find the style of it dull and dry, he could not be induced to continue it, except by the hope of its improving as he advanced. But these generally have not a very correct taste in literary matters, and beauty is to them no source of objection, even though it be carried to an extreme. The effect of a highly ornamented style may be seen in other kinds of books; Headly's works, for example:—while he is admired by many for the correct account he has given of his heroes, a very large class are attracted by his picturesque descriptions and beautiful figures. The plot of the story likewise attracts a large class of readers. A skillful writer can so take possession of our feelings, that we are made to follow his hero with intense interest through whatever scenes he may choose to conduct us. He can so excite our sympathy, that an act of kindness done to an interesting character, is prized as a favor shown to ourselves, and if our favorite be ill-treated, we feel as much hurt and as anxious for revenge, as if we had received the injury. Sometimes we become so impatient with events, that we can scarcely refrain from turning over to the last page of the book to learn

the denouement. And whether the end be tragical or not, the excitement is so congenial to our mind, that when once begun, the habit of novel-reading grows most rapidly. Such are some of the causes of this common practice, though there are many who profess to follow it with other motives in view, besides mere enjoyment. Some read novels to refine their taste and improve their style; there are also some works of this class calculated to produce these effects. Such, however, are so rare, that they only form exceptions to their general character. The evil effects of novels clearly show themselves in those who read them. But in addition to the almost total loss of the time spent in their perusal, and the effects they have upon a taste for more important and instructive works, they exert a detrimental influence on our Literature. To see this more clearly let us suppose the practice of novel-reading to be more widely extended; and what encouragement would the historian, the philosopher, and the man of science have? Why should they spend their lives and labor on that for which they would receive no recompense? Why train their mental faculties, when they saw the imagination triumphant over the intellect? Rapidly indeed would we go back to those days of chivalry and romance, which, while they furnish a theme for the poet's lay, can never satisfy the wants and necessities of a nation.

"The gorgeous pageantry of times gone by,
The tilt, the tournament, the vaulted hall,
Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye,
And fancy's bright and gay creations—all
Sink into dust, when reason's searching glance
Unmasks the age of knighthood and romance."

If you wish intellect to be developed, exercise it—not by reading works of fiction, for they but appeal to the imagination; rather by something which will call into exercise your reasoning powers. If a subject be sought for, History, Science, and the world of mind afford an ample field. In these the reason may be exercised in tracing to their sources all the revolutions of government and society. Human nature may be studied in its varied forms and phases from stern facts, and from these, one may learn how to direct the operations of his mind not only, but those of his fellows. The great field of history does not need a plot, invented by the imagination of a writer, but the complex plan which God himself develops in the government of the universe.

LEVON.

KNOWLEDGE.

The road to knowledge,—notwithstanding the bright dreams of youth, and the noble incentives to advance, placed before every lover of science and literature—is a very dreary road after all. The dangers of the way; its uncertainty, its monotony, its rugged ascent, the busy, jostling crowd of competitors, the blind guides, the by-ways, the thorny weeds, the unsatisfying nature of the prospect even after the toilsome heights are gained—all this—and much that remains unnoticed—if it could be anticipated by the ardent tyros in the race—would very much mitigate their zeal, if not quench the fire altogether.

To say the least it *sounds* appalling, when we hear a Newton, toward the close of his life, coolly observe “that he felt like one picking up pebbles on the shore, while the ocean of knowledge still lay beyond, a wide, illimitable, indefinite, unknown.”

It is not a small advantage to the cause of learning, that it enlists us in the warfare in our youth; that it takes a cunning hold on our hopeful and confiding nature, before we begin to learn “all is not gold that glitters;” that it can sing in our ears, attentive to its Syren song,

“The golden day will soon be o’er,
When you can go to school no more;”

and we poor unsuspecting innocents believe it, and imagine we really see only a little way ahead in the future, “that good time a-com-
ing,” when we shall breathe the delectable ether which involves the tip-top peaks of the intellectual eminence! But soon the song is changed, so also is the tune, and grave mentors in solemn tones re-
cite,—

“A little learning is a dang’rous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

and so we are coaxed or frightened gradually along, until at last, when it is supposed we are become heartless and hopeless enough to hear with nonchalance, the horrid truth, we are plainly told that the Parnassian heights are chimerical, that the hill of science is a plain, that the region of the Upsos has no real altitude, that at best we can know but an infinitesimal of the whole field of survey, and that our path runs on, relentlessly, far into infinity. In other

words, that we have a hopeless task before us. Now this practical dissimulation excites our ire, and we put on anger as a garment, in view of this refinement of barbaric cruelty. Well knowing that if the dreary scene was truthfully presented to our unperverted gaze, we would turn away in disgust, we are led on by fair speeches, cajolings, and the promise of sweetmeats, until we are fairly in for it, and we sadly exclaim,—

“We are in mire,
Stept in so far, that, should we wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as to go o'er.”

Thus are we robbed of our ease, and compelled to battle, unarmed, against a ‘sea of troubles,’ thus are our years corroded away, the future hung in funeral black, the present torture, the past a horrid retrospect of vain imaginings and busy nothings, the universe a minister of anguish; and all for what? aye, for what? not to crow over our fellows, for we are all in the “slough of despond,” all in the same category, all victims; not for anything of profit added to the general good, for every addition to the field of knowledge, but increases the task of posterity; not, certainly, for our own personal elevation in the social scale, for the higher we rise, the lower sinks our opinion of ourself, in constant ratio, and thus to destroy self-esteem, is nothing more or less than suicide; besides, what right have we to endeavor to rise higher than our cotemporaries? Why should we desire so mean an advantage? Where is our boasted sympathy and love, and desire of fraternity and equality?

Oh! Ignorance! thou mother to us all,
Why should we leave thy fond, protecting breast?
Why should we seek to have our vision clear,
To see afar with scrutinizing glance,
When all is dark and dismal to our view?
Why should we seek to ope our dullard ear,
When discord’s crazy crash flies in thereat,
And groans, and wretched cries, sadful to hear,
Drown all the harmony within our soul?
Why should we seek to feel, if nought but pangs
Of concentrated, burning energy,
Fly furiously in and lacerate
Our hearts? Why should we crave to know the world,
Where all is heartless selfishness, and vice,
And sin, and sorrow, and contagion?
Why? Why should we hope to walk unscathed
Where demons congregate! where devils rule?
Oh! we are passing weak, absurdly mad,
Thus fearfully to trifle with our hopes.

Our joys; thus diligently seek to lose
Our purity. Spirit of kind Ignorance!
Descend! resume amongst us thy sojourn,
And shut quite out from every sense of man,
That complex evil—Knowledge.

ASOPHIA.

MISANTHROPY.

That man is imperfect, that he is continually doing wrong, he needs but to look within his own breast, to review his own past life, to have sufficient proof. There are few who do not believe this truth, but many draw their conclusion from a very different source than themselves; and the adage that "all men think all others fools," is exemplified in their conduct. There is a class of men who, always looking at the dark side of other men's actions, without considering their good qualities, become disgusted with the ways of the world, and desire to seclude themselves from its polluting gaze.

Now had we the power to scrutinize the motives, actions, and feelings of these men, we would not find all pure and holy. We might chance to find some spot or blemish even in those selfsame sentimentalists, who grow sick at heart at the diseases of their fellow beings, but turn away and make no attempt to alleviate their sufferings, nor find a cure for what they so much loathe.

True, when we look around us we see much to lament, much to call forth involuntarily the exclamation, "Alas! poor human nature!"

It is true that oppression reigns with almost undisputed sway; that might is right; and the unfortunate are hastened headlong down, by the push of every passer by.

It is true that self is the governing principle in the heart of man; and in too many cases, does it with pleasure, behold another's interest laid prostrate, bleeding through the wounds inflicted by fortune, and rejoices when it can rise and triumph over a fallen foe, which it has hunted and ensnared by its well laid toils.

It is true that friendship's golden chain often proves unable to withstand the fire of adversity, and that the countenance which once beamed forth nought else but love and kindness, is now the

northern iceberg, which numbs and chills to death him that would seek for refuge from the waves below.

It is true that, between the actions of many, and their profession, there is great inconsistency; that whilst they condemn the conduct of a fellow creature, they are guilty of the same fault. But where is the man that is entirely free from these faults? that has not at some time added to the sorrows of a fellow-being? If such there be, let him stand up before high heaven, and reproach an erring world, or let him retire, and not pollute himself by mingling with those in whom he is compelled to see continual evidence of human depravity.

But what would these men gain by their retirement from society? If it is their own happiness, let them be assured that man does not possess within himself entire, the elements of true enjoyment. One great source of true happiness to man, consists in acts of kindness towards others. But these men thus render themselves unable, and plainly show that they have no desire, to benefit their fellow-beings. They leave society because men are selfish, but prove by this very act, that of all men they are the most selfish. They see the imperfection, the injustice and misery of others, but are unwilling to make the least sacrifice for their alleviation.

Let us follow one of these misanthropists into his state of retirement, and watch his movements as he drags out a miserable existence. *He does not change all at once.* Those noble qualities and godlike feelings with which he is endowed by his Creator, cannot at once be banished from his bosom. Struggling nature must, and will sometimes assume her reign, and the social feelings of the heart, invigorated by contact with a kindred spirit, will break the cold chains with which they are bound, and once more regain their wonted liberty and enjoyment. But short is the duration of this liberty. The tyrant, alarmed at the situation in which he is placed, remands them to their former dungeons, chastized and loaded with stronger fetters. Thus weakened and enslaved, they resist no more, and he can go forth, and view suffering humanity with a heart unmoved. He sees injustice, and oppression, and a cold, fiendish smile of satisfaction is kindled in his visage; because renewed evidence is thus afforded to him, that he is not mistaken in the estimate he has formed of mankind. He looks with contempt,

upon every effort of benevolence, as but the plausible means by which crafty hypocrites obtain their selfish ends. He views friendship as only a disguise put on by knaves, that they, without suspicion, may enter the secret chambers of the heart, and rob it of its most precious jewels. Thus he spends a miserable existence, starving his soul, by robbing it of the food given by a kind Providence, discontented with himself as well as with others; till, at length, he sinks into the grave, uncared for, and unlamented, and his name is never mentioned, unless to illustrate the folly of some hater of his race.

W.

MODERN DEMAGOGISM.

It seems to be a law of nature that things evil shall be blended with things good. From this law, governments are not exempted, and, least of all, the United States. There is interwoven in all our greatness the seeds of more than one evil, "the end whereof is death." Among them there is one germ, which has found here a congenial clime and a fertile soil for its rapid development. The influence and character of modern demagogism as exhibited in this land, will form the subject matter of this article.

Its influence is as powerful as its character is abhorrent. Being no less powerful because abhorrent, and no less abhorrent because powerful. In its course of action it is governed by no law save that of selfishness, and this constitutes its love, patriotism, principle, and justice. Ambitious, it is without magnanimity; revengeful, it is regardless of honor; covetous, it is unsatiated even with success. The incarnation of Lucifer, it has his vindictiveness unaccompanied by his noble traits. Like the evil genii of the oriental tale, it delights to bring its baneful presence where virtue dwells in fancied security. Though an exotic, it seems to flourish with undiminished vigour, on the bleak hills of the north, and on the sunny plains of the south.

Its followers, unceasing in their labors to undermine the noble structure of constitutional liberty, erected by our fathers, and to blast the fruition of their exertions for the rights of man, have

earned by their activity in evil, and well-merited by their subserviency to all things base, the name of Demagogues.

To accomplish these designs, they glide from one side to the other, with mercurial facility, assuming in their migration, chameleon-like, the color of the party on whom for the present they rest. No character is left unplayed—they are by turns Whig and Democrat, Hunker and Barn-burner, and have a happy facility of accommodating their principles to existing circumstances. In the garb of an angel they walk abroad at noonday, but the livery of heaven illy conceals the form of their hypocrisy. They

“—— will fight thee as a roaring beast, and charm thee
As a subtle reptile.”

We are disgusted as we gaze on their loathsome forms, covered, but not hid, by the folds of their corruption. No nation is cursed with such an exuberance of demagogism as ours. It would seem that this is an age fruitful of indigenous demagogues, and that here is “the El Dorado” in whose genial clime they are to bloom in perpetual youth.

• None are more ready in professions, none so wanting in performances. Mouthing patriotism, they know no feeling but selfishness, professed patriots they would seize the object of their ambition from the sacred altar of the constitution.

The time was when patriotism was synonymous with virtue, when a patriot was a friend of the father-land; but we have modernized patriotism into the means of obtaining office, and patriots into office-seekers. It is not now inquired concerning a proposed measure, is it just and beneficial to the whole country? nor is the candidate interrogated as to his character and qualifications, but is it expedient? is he patriotic? is he *available*?

Party has usurped the place of country; party zeal has become patriotism, and, in the language of the English moralist, “patriotism has become the last refuge of the scoundrel.”

The children of Israel fashioned and worshipped a golden calf, within sight of the burning summit of Sinai; but we have erected on the yet mouldering ashes of our fathers, an idol to whom all must bow in servile adoration. While devoutly gazing on its meretricious brightness, we behold not the portentous cloud gathering on our political horizon. Enfolded in the embraces of “mani-

fest destiny," charmed by the syren song "of enlarging the area of freedom," we heed not the rumbling warnings of the approaching earthquake.

In vain are the voices of a few raised on the side of justice and true national glory. They are unheard in the shout of the demagogue, which goes up from every grog shop in the land, "our country, right or wrong!" A more demoralizing motto, never became the watchword of a profligate party! A more God-defying sentiment, never was breathed by the infidel butchers of Septemberists! What! is there no power greater than a human government, to whom we owe allegiance? Are there no laws higher than human enactments, to which we should render obedience? Is not the divine command "do ye no wrong" as incumbent on a nation as on an individual? It may be an *available* sentiment in this period of *availability*, but we can subscribe to no such dogma. Nor can we, neglecting the immutable principles of right, and disregarding the sacred obligations of a pure morality, follow the guidance of a seeming expediency to a transitory success.

From the desolation of states, the ruin of cities, and the crumbling thrones of ages, comes forth, in all its spirit and power, to us, the divine injunction, "obey God rather than man."

A true expediency always runs parallel with right.

"Nihil honestum esse potest, quod justitia vacat."

Be ours the part, it may be, an unpopular one, to bear aloft the banner of our country, on whose ample folds, as they wave towards heaven, shall be inscribed, "*Our country when right, when wrong our duty.*"

The United States, formed under auspicious circumstances, have occupied a noble position before the gaze of a wondering world. Its citizens simple and intelligent, industrious in the occupations of peace, contented with their natural limits, and governing themselves, showed forth "the true greatness of nations." We were the Utopia of a new era, "the model republic" of the nineteenth century. But the scene has changed, and we are playing a new part in the drama of self-government.

"The first four acts already past,
The fifth may close the drama of the day."

The character of our people is changing. The soothing hum of

peace is unheard, as we clamor for the clangor of arms, and the stirring sounds of war. We have tasted blood, and we long for more. Union and strength are lost sight of in our eagerness for a "Buffalo hunt" over the barren plains of the Sierra Madre. The fascinating words of conquest, military glory, and Anglo Saxon destiny, are heard with delight by multitudes, as they are whispered by the reptile demagogue "squat like a toad" at the ear of his victims. When legal massacres solemnly perpetrated according to "the articles of war," when violated faith, and broken treaties, and decrees of flagrant iniquity shall be sanctioned by majorities of timid, feeble and cringing men—when it may be said of us politically, as it was said of a former republic, "*omne in præcipiti vitium stetit*," the same demagogue shall be seen to "start up, in his own shape, a fiend," and laugh over the ruin he has occasioned. Our hope must be in God, and "the sober second thought" of the people—who, though they may be misled and cajoled, are yet sound in heart as the oak of a century, whose ample boughs support the parasitical misletoe. We know that croakings excite the smiles and sneers of the thoughtless, but we had rather imitate Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, than Nero fiddling at the burning of Rome. Our statesmen have degenerated into political gladiators contending for popular honors. Party slavery is preferred to unpopular freedom, and secret wire-pulling to manly opposition. The ballot box is losing its charm, for it has lost its purity, and its self-constituted titular deity, some Jack Cade, orders that "all the laws of the realme shall come foorth of his mouthe." Virtue weeps over the political contest, for it beholds the *available* swept by the wave of fluctuating majority, to the haven of his ambition, and he whose life had been as true to his country as the needle to the pole, unregarded and past by. The principles of the modern demagogue, like Joseph's coat, are of many colors, and his character is composed of as many attributes, as were the ingredients in the cauldron of Macbeth's witches, and for some peculiar traits, cannot be, excelled by any example in the past. The ancient demagogue was a bold man, daring all things for success—one whose comprehensive plan and rapid combinations secured to him the object of his ambition. If his vices were gigantic, so were his talents, and his path was chosen

because it was the shortest road to success. With all his faults, he was a man. The modern demagogue is a coward, who "stoops to conquer." A Bodadil in boasting, a Bob Acres in courage, he illustrates the fable of the valorous hare which plucked the dead lion by the beard. With the soul of a goose, he has the lungs of a game cock. His duplicity and servility ensnares the simple, while his tortuous course amid the slimy depths of corruption, and base panderings to prejudice and passion secures him the applause of "the mutable, rank-scented many,"

"—— who can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know."

Blown to and fro by the slightest breath of the multitude, his prayers alternate between good God and good Devil,

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,"

are in turn invoked. Speaking on one side, he votes on the other; the former is intended for home circulation, the latter for party distribution. While cajoling the executive, he amuses the people with feats of ground and lofty tumbling, not excelled by any mountebank of the day. Like the Dutchman's hog, he is on both sides of the ditch at the same time. If he should suddenly perish, a coroner's jury would return the verdict, "died of fatigue produced by intense exertion to overcome the philosophic axiom, that no body can be in two places at the same time." Though his principles are as various and about as intelligible as the metaphysics of a German, and his movements as oscillating as a pendulum, yet they are capable of classification under three heads, I, me, myself. His greatest delight would be to revel in the Halls of the Montezumas to the tune of the lascivious fandango.

Oh! it is nauseating to hear the political clap-trap of "Anglo Saxon," "manifest destiny," "national honor and glory," fall from those who are yet to learn the rudiments of honor, and be animated by one pure aspiration for true glory. The true glory of a nation consists in doing right. National honor is that which induces us to be heroes in right, but cowards in wrong.

Our public men are playing high and low in the presidential game. Lusting "after the flesh-pots of Egypt," they

—— "crook the pliant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning."

Independence of thought and action have been banished from our halls of legislation; nay, from the churches of our God. A man dare not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. The orator dares not speak truths unsanctioned by a party caucus, or the statesman maintain principles undecided by a national convention. We need the candle of the cynic to find an independent man. To this state we have been brought by modern demagogism. In this miasma every noble aspiration, yea, all the attributes of mankind wither, decay and perish.

We need a new order of priests to minister at our country's altar. We need Luthers, who "will go to Worms though there be as many devils there as tiles on the houses." Sydneys who will maintain the great principles of truth and justice though the penalty be death. Russels, who will head the van-guard of freedom, though it lead to the scaffold. We need men, who, fearing not to rebuke error, though it be found in a majority, will speak what they think, and act as they speak, though they lose their offices.

With such, there will be a new order of things. The battlefield shall fade before the council chamber; the warrior shall bow to the statesman; the spiritual shall overcome the material, and the only victories shall be victories of the soul. "History is written in vain, if mankind have not been taught that demagogue and tyrant are synonymous; and that he who professes to be the friend of the people, while he persuades them to sacrifice their reason to their passions—their duty to their caprices—their laws, their constitution, their glory, their integrity, to the mere lust of tyrannical misrule—is a liar, and the truth is not in him." Let us heed the words of the lamented Legare. Let us be guided by the beacons of the past, and no inscription, "they were, but they are not," shall be hereafter written by the finger of Time on our mouldering ruins;—but each citizen, as he beholds the banner of his country streaming in the breeze, shall feel it to be his greatest joy that he can exclaim, "I am an American."

THE FRESH.

WHEN a lucky botanist, or ornithologist, lights upon a rare specimen, he straightway publishes a description garnished with hard, unmouthable words, unintelligible to the uninitiated. Now we have in our perambulatory investigations into the natural history of this locality, on two or three occasions, flushed coveys of a new species of bird—a *rara avis*—which, for the benefit of the unscientific world, we will describe in English:—It is very variable in appearance and habits, so that the unobserving are in danger of confounding it with two other species, whose society it much affects. Sometimes it is seen in open sunny places, gambolling with all the hilarity of youthful verdancy. At others a sense of its desolate condition rushes over it, and the thermometer of its animal spirits falls to “Zero.” Sometimes it may be found wandering misanthropically miles away from its feeding ground. At others, like sheep and such timid creatures, it goes in squads for mutual protection. It is generally timid, yet not insensible to kindness, and is easily tamed. From these, and other marks to be hereafter described, we have determined to bestow upon it the name *Studiosus Tyro* (Anglice *Freshman*). On a sunny day it may be found spread out at ease on the benches of the campus, luxuriating in a cigar or pipe, or some other of those small vices that make boys seem manly. This, however, is only out of study hours. At the first tap of the half past eight and two o’clock bells it incontinently hastens to its den, looking back upon the Sophs and Juniors, who disregard the summons, with an air which speaks plainly as words its inclinations and its fears. Here may it be seen during the brief quarter hours between recitation and prayers, relating with infinite glee stale school-tricks, for it has not yet sufficient animus to appreciate a college spree. But Saturday afternoon is its gala-day. Then, as he begins to taste the sweets of liberty and freedom from boarding-school constraint, the Fresh may be heard uttering explosive bursts of laughter, and scraps of fashionable songs, with an occasional shout,

meant to express defiance of the 'chef du police,' and to show an admiring world that he, the Fresh, 'don't care.'

As the session wears away and he finds that these incipencies are attended with impunity, he waxeth valorous, and ventureth upon yet bolder demonstrations. Sometimes (extravagant Fresh) he igniteth a whole newspaper, or a gill of camphine, on the steps of East or West college, (for the Fresh always inhabiteth the lower stories of the barracks,) and then, having raised a lusty "heads out," he fleeth in terror to his room, fancying a tutor at his heels. But the tutor, at first attracted to his window by the light and noise, turns away again in disgust, muttering, "It's only a freshman!" while the more irritable Sophs and Juniors, provoked at having been 'got,' bellow in hoarse indignant tones, "Fresh! fresh! fresh spree!" But the fresh hath by this time acquired a due sense of his own importance and careth nothing for these, he succumbeth only to seniors and tutors.

He now beginneth to make his proximity disagreeable to the soberly inclined. Perhaps to his other accomplishments, he addeth that of music, and assembleth in his rooms little crowds of kindred souls to aid in stretching harmony upon the rack, and exult in her shrieks and groans. Perhaps he smoketh, or hath a propensity for punches and similar delectable compounds, with the riot attending their social deglutition; or he is partial to peaches and melons, and pelteth with the pits and rinds his acquaintances as they pass under his windows. The most remarkable feature in his character is the awful admiration with which he regards a Senior. The Junior is too near his own calibre, he almost comprehendeth him, while the Soph is an open book, printed in very large type. But the Senior is an inexplicable enigma. How came he by that cool, contemptuous stare, beneath which the fresh wriggles and squirms like a tortoise with a hot coal on his back? The silly youth imagineth it to be an acquired accomplishment, and forthwith practiseth it upon the snobs, who laugh compassionately at his verdancy—and then the Senior's easy lounge! How the fresh swaggereth and toileth in his attempts at imitation. He hath less difficulty in conceiving the immensity of the Senior's store of knowledge, for he hopeth some day to attain to as much himself.

But what enlarges his ocular orbs to their utmost extent, is the disregard of law evinced by the Senior. How he envieth him his lyings a bed in the morning, and his sittings up at night, his cutting recitations and prayers, and dodging the servants sent to summon him to faculty-meeting, his sprees unalloyed by fears of interruption from college police, and his clandestine visits to the city.

The fresh, while yet a chrysalis, at school, hath been horrified by terrible stories, originating no one knows how, of the fearful ordeal through which every 'newy' must pass. Hence, on his first entrance, he weareth that excessively wide awake aspect, as if at every step he expected to find himself mounting the air from the explosion of some mine. When he retireth to rest, he locketh door and peepeth under the bed, lest some ill-disposed Soph may be hidden there. At the end of the first week he writeth home to assure his anxious friends that he is still uninjured. But he soon discovereth that he hath been hoaxed, and straightway, not having any more before his eyes the fear of men, he waxeth mischievous.

But as 'quarterly' approaches, other thoughts fill his head. All who came to college intending to take first honors are too busy to kick up rows. When examination week actually arrives, the aspirant for literary fame entereth the examination room with throbbing heart. He polleth intensely at the paper, and coming out at twelve braggeth that he "did all." Then till the grades come out he hath a fever, which is succeeded by a chill from the refrigeratory effects of the cold water with which the tutor's estimate of his abilities is sure to souse him. After this, he playeth the part of injured innocence, and goeth to the 'tute' to obtain a rise, or discourseth with great acuteness to a knot of his fellows, on the injustice of the present system of grades, esteeming himself happy, even in his wretchedness, if he can reckon a sympathizing Soph among his auditors; or else he withdraweth from the contest, disgusted at the scantiness of the reward, and is ready for every species of mischief. He now beginneth to discover that his aim must be the Soph, not the Senior; and in proportion to the effect this has upon his conduct, does the interest we take in him diminish. He loseth that delightful naiveté, so refreshing to the blazé eye of the sophisticated, and assimilating himself to his model, becometh rowdy and common-place, and is undistinguishably lost in the crowd.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Ollendorff's New Method.—This method of teaching modern languages is tolerably well known in the literary world; but we wish to draw our readers' particular attention to the advantages which this system of teaching involves. We believe we cannot do this better than by a short extract from M. Ollendorff's preface:—

"My system of acquiring a living language is founded on the principle, that each question nearly contains the answer which one ought or which one wishes to make to it. The slight difference between the question and the answer, is always explained before the question; so that the learner does not find it in the least difficult, either to answer it, or to make similar questions for himself. Again, the question containing the same words as the answer, as soon as the master pronounces it, it strikes the pupils' ear, and is therefore easily re-produced by his speaking organs. This principle is so evident, that it is impossible to open the book without being struck by it.

"Neither the professor nor the pupils lose an instant of time. When the professor reads the lesson, the pupil answers; when he examines the lesson which the pupil has written, he speaks again, and the pupil answers; also, when he examines the exercise which the pupil has translated he speaks and the pupil answers; thus both are, as it were, continually kept in exercise.

"The phrases are so arranged, that, from the beginning to the end of the method, the pupil's curiosity is excited by the want of a word or an expression; this word or expression is always given in the succeeding lesson, but in such a manner as to create a desire for others that render the phrase still more complete. Hence, from one end of the book to the other, the pupil's attention is continually kept alive, till at last he has acquired a thorough knowledge of the language which he studies."

In an article in the 'Methodist Quarterly Review,' entitled *Modes of Teaching Languages*, after describing the various modes of teaching, it goes on to state:—

"Some ten years ago, it seems, Captain Basil Hall, of famous

memory, first found out how to learn German. He had tried it again and again, but always found it impracticable until he stumbled on MEIN HERR OLLENDORFF, who was teaching German at the time, in Paris, and who led him along, not by the nose, but by the mouth, most gently and delectably, into a sufficient knowledge of that noblest of modern tongues. As the Captain has always been distinguished for his gratitude, he repaid the skillful teacher a hundred fold, by a puff in 'Schloss Hainfeld,' that made him at once a man of notoriety and fortune.

" 'After six months of close application, I can venture to pronounce, that by Mr. Ollendorff's method alone, so far as I have been able to understand the subject, can this very difficult, but very charming language be taught without confusion. By it the scholar advances step by step, understands clearly and thoroughly everything he reads, and as he goes on, he becomes sensible that all he learns he retains, and all that he retains is useful and practically applicable. At the same time he scarcely knows how he got hold of it, so slightly marked are the shades of daily progression; and so gentle is the rise, that he feels no unpleasant fatigue on the journey. Of course, the student is called upon to exert no small degree of patient application, and he must consent to devote a considerable portion of his time to this pursuit; but he will have the encouraging conviction, that every particle of effort is well bestowed.'

" Every body in Paris began to learn German *a la mode d'Ollendorff*, and in all German towns you might find Englishmen and Frenchmen thumbing the 'New Method,' and repeating its thousand phrases with commendable perseverance. In 1838 the system was introduced into England, by the publication of the 'New Method of learning to read, write and speak a language in six months, for the use of schools and private teachers;' and although the complete work extended to three octavo volumes, and was sold at an enormous price, it soon acquired a great circulation; passing through several editions. Nor was this success by any means undeserved, the book certainly goes further in smoothing the rugged road to German than any other book extant, and that too, not by attempting to dispense with the industry of the pupil, but by making all his industry profitable.

It takes all that is good in the Hamiltonian method, by giving the words to be used at once to the student, and not sending him to the dictionary to hunt them out; and it involves Jacotet's best principle of fixing the forms of the language by constant repetition, and supplying grammatical principles only as they are required. These are its chief excellencies, and they are essential to any good system.

Teaching is generally worse paid than any other kind of labor; but it seems that when any particular teacher becomes the *rage*, he takes revenge on the public, and 'puts money in his purse.' We see from an advertisement at the end of Mein Herr Ollendorff's second volume, that he teaches German in London at the pleasant price of £12 10s. sterling, per quarter.

We would certainly advise all who can spare an hour or two a day, (and their 'name is Legion,') to commence the study of German by this system, which, by the aid of a key, may be successfully prosecuted without the aid of a master; and in a surprisingly short time (if we compare it with that spent in acquiring a scanty knowledge of Latin or Greek, by the ordinary, grey-headed system of grubbing,) they will find themselves able to read and write with facility. And when we reflect on the stores of information in every department of human thought and investigation, to which the German is the only key; on the deeper insight it affords the English scholar, as to the structure, source, and richness of his own tongue; on the positive mental training resultant from the acquisition of a new language; we certainly see no lack of inducement to urge the lover of learning to the task.

Nor would we confine the bearing of these observations, in their application to German alone; they apply with equal force to the French, to the Spanish, and to the Italian, to all of which this admirable system has been adapted.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Another college year, fraught with everything calculated to interest the students of "Old Nassau," has again commenced; and our Magazine hails the propitious season to begin another cycle (we hope a golden one) of its existence. It has then become our pleasing duty to make the bow editorial and to touch the editorial hat, with all the "*suaviter in modo*" we can command for the occasion.

We presume we have not been regarded as making anything like a wild assertion in saying another session has again commenced; but in order to demonstrate this beyond the possibility of a quibble, we shall state some of the proofs upon which our assertion rests. And first,

The Freshmen—dear youth—look up to the SENIORS with that same awe and reverence depicted on their un-soph-isticated faces, which is always so visible at the beginning of a new college year; this, of course, wears off as the year advances, and as they one by one discover that the Seniors are after all but mortals, who have their rowls, fizzles, and—O mores,—even stumps—like meaner men.

2d. Another indubitable proof that the session has just commenced, is that the Sophomores are all *poling*, every man of them, and they talk in their troubled and short sleep (for they trim 'the midnight lamp,' and are all punctually "*in recitationem ante jentaculum*") about the first honor and the valedictory. By the way, who ever saw a neophyte soph that did not expect to have his choice between the valedictory and the first honor. But this, too, wears away as the session advances; alas! the precious youth soon learn to make

"lurid fires at dead of night,"

and to render the day vocal by the aid of cracked flutes and melancholy fiddles, the present absence of these diversissements, prove, almost beyond a doubt, that the session has but just commenced.

§ [3d. The Juniors are beginning to admit that they do not know everything, or rather, to speak more classically, they are beginning to admit that they don't know nothing. We heard one the other day inquiring at the bookstore for a *Juvenile*. Most of them sigh despondingly, and see no sense in "Analytical," all which would not be the case if the session had not just commenced. Some of the aspiring genius are beginning to study the doctrine of chances, and to wonder innocently "who'll be sent out," and one or two are talking of taking private lessons in elocution, just to put on the finishing touches, which would not be done if the session had not just commenced.

Lastly, The session has but just commenced, or squads of grave and reverend, but most condescending,* seniors, bearing subscription lists and paper, would not be so prevalent or so importunate. At the same time we would here take occasion to return our thanks to our numerous subscribers for the kind and gentlemanly manner in which they recently received our editorial visit; and with the wish that our Magazine may not wholly disappoint their expectations, we proceed to discuss the contents of our table.

The first that we take in our hands is entitled, "The love of nature." It begins,—*"When amidst the multitudinous and multifarious entanglements of terrestrial occupations and employments, we can so far become oblivious to the corroding allurements of lucrous pursuits, as to apportion to ourselves a moiety of duration, for the gratification and imperative alleviation of our love of nature;"*—Oh! yes, not the least doubt of it,—but we would suggest condensation, simplification, and less grandiloquence.

Next appears "The Dream of the Soph:"

All tired with study, with Greek overcome,
Past midnight I sank to my rest,
And I dreamed of my friends and had visions of joy,
And I drank the world's pleasure, unmixed with alloy,
As my H——'s form gently I prest.

Oh! dear—he has used vacation to some purpose. But he continues—

All my fears for the future had dwindled away,
A sweet ease stole into my heart,
The breezes of fortune around me did play,
All the world seemed at peace, and all nature looked gay.
As though sunshine would never depart.

Oh! Sophomore, mirabile! you are near to Scylla and Charybdis.

How foolish, I thought, to commingle with strife,
With eagerness strain for the prize,
For the happiest method to pass away life,
Is to have one to love in the shape of a wife,
Nor lose all our time as it flies.

Just as we thought. Why man you will be drummed out of college, to the rogue's march, for pernicious heresy. But let's see the end of it.

The sweet dream was short, and too quickly the morn,
With rosy-tipped fingers, drew nigh,
When the blasts of the rouser, that horrid old horn,
Were into my drowsy cubiculum borne,
And I woke to real life with a sigh!

The next article is entitled, "The Celestial Squabble," and as it is short, we give it entire:

* We know of some who condescended to look for errant Juniors and Sophs, sub licit et in conclavi.

Once on a heavenly afternoon,
 The gods got through their dinner soon,
 And as the hour was not late,
 Juno proposed to have a debate.
 "Debate!" cried all the gods in wonder,
 "It would divide our house in sunder."
 "Besides," said one, "where's the use
 Of losing our accustomed snooze."
 But Juno, like to woman-kind,
 Declared she would not change her mind—
 Just then we came away.

We rather guess he was kicked out for eaves-dropping, and came away in a hurry. Perhaps his muse ran dry. The next piece, entitled "An Elegy," commences with the line

"Let others boast their heaps of shining gold"—

though a beautiful piece of poetry, we are sorry to say bears a remarkable resemblance to a production written about a hundred years ago, by one James Hammond; in fact, it is a verbatim et litteratum re-production of that gentleman's poem. We wish we knew the name of the favored individual whose muse so kindly inspired him; we should certainly publish it for the information of our readers. We would advise him for his own sake to clip the wings of his muse, and not allow her to fly, like a bird of prey, at other men's possessions.

The next that turns up, is, we judge, in particular metre, it is entitled "Love's Labor Lost;"

Oh! did you hear my serenade,
 Sweetest maid,
 As I strayed,
 Half afraid,
 Near your garden-gate, so late?

Oh! if you heard my tuneful sigh,
 As so shy,
 And so shy,
 I drew nigh,
 Watching for those eyes I prize;

Sure, long before I went away,
 Some bouquet,
 For my lay,
 Would repay:
 Now, alas! in despair, my hair I tear.

But tho' slow I go, I know
 Dreadful wo,
 Soon will show
 You a foe
 To the very best behest, of your breast.

The next article,——But stop! what's this? Alas! here we are at the bottom of the last page, our table filled with contributions begging to be noticed, and we ourselves with much to say. Alas! such is life.

